THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] MONDAY, December 27, 1802. [No. 13.

MARIAN AND LYDIA.

(Continued from p. 82.)

"IT was a cold evening in autumn, the wind was bleak, the rain fell heavily, when pinched with famine, and shivering with the chilling blasts, Marian wandered unfriended and unpitied round Berkley-Square. She had several times essayed to stop the passengers, and intreat charity, but there was yet a spark of pride remained unsubdued, which made the supplication appear too humiliating.

She drew near a door where a carriage was waiting.—Major Renfew came from the house and entered it; by the light of a flambeau, which shone on her face, he discovered Marian—her features were yet lovely, though pale, and strongly marked by the oppressive finger of poverty. The Major beckoned her forward—"Who are you!" said he, surveying her with a scrutinizing eye, "and why does your countenance wear this appearance of misery?"

"Alas!" replied Marian, "it is the true index of my heart! I am the daughter of folly and infamy, but though I own my punishment just I cannot bear it without complaining—I cannot starve in silence!"

Various were the emotions that agitated the heart of Major Renfew while he gazed on the face of Marian; at first he felt something like humanity stirring in his bosom, but at the second glance it was a more lively emotion; he gave her a guinea, and appointing her to meet him at ten o'clock, at a house he mentioned, drove off to pay some visits of ceremony.

Marian felt a warm glow of gratitude play round her heart; she could have knelt and kissed the hand that had thus seasonably administered relief. She waited impatiently for the hour of ten, when she might thank her benefactor as she ought.

Major Renfew was a man of gallantry; he had been some years separated from his wife, and indulged himself in frequent casual intrigues, which did no great honor either to the brilliancy of his taste, or the goodness of his heart.

The beauty of Marian though greatly impaired by intemperance, was yet striking; the Major at that time was without a favorite, and from the prepossession he felt in his bosom towards our poor wanderer, he determined to raise her from the abject state to which she was reduced, to the *honorable* station of his mistress; he therefore dispatched his visits as quick as possible, and repaired to the place of appointment.

Marian met him at the door of the apartment, he gave her his hand, she raised it to her lips, and attempted to speak, but words were refused; a gush of silent tears more eloquently spoke her soul's meaning—the Major was moved, he made her sit down, and placing himself beside her, began to unfold the designs he had formed in her favor.

"Alas! Sir," said Marian, mournfully, "I had hoped you would have taken me from this life of shame; indeed, I am sick of what is termed pleasure; I long to sink into peaceful obscurity, and having just sufficient to supply the wants of nature, repent my past misdeeds, and wait with patience the appointed hour of rest. I know not why it is, but I feel I never can return your generosity in the way you require, and therefore dare not hope for farther favors."

"Nay, my dear girl," said the Major, "this is affectation—come shake off this gloom which your misfortunes have occasioned to envelope your mind.—What though I am an old man, I will teach you to love me."

"Oh! Sir," replied Marian, "you have taught me that already; there is nothing which I should think too hard to perform, to convince you of the grateful affections of my heart. But I had hoped this sinking fragile frame never would have known pollution more."

The Major endeavored to calm the perturbation of her spirits, and pressed

her to partake of some excellent champaigne which he had ordered with the supper. Marian was thoughtful, eat little, and frequently turned her head to hide the starting tears.

Supper removed, he renewed his solicitations; she sunk on her knees, and, with uplifted hands, entreated him to grant her relief on other terms, or suffer her to leave him, and again tempt the miseries of her hard destiny. He was deaf to her prayers—he attributed them to art—he raised her from the ground, and proceeded to unwarrantable liberties—she made a violent effort, and springing from his arms, cried, "Oh! Dorcas, dear unhappy mother, why did I leave you."—Then rushing out of the room, ran precipitately into the street.

The exclamation which she made had thrown the Major into a stupor of astonishment; every faculty was suspended, nor could he recover sufficient recollection to endeavor to stop her—a thousand past occurrences rushed upon his mind, and he remained immoveable; his eyes riveted to the door through which she had passed.

At length recovering from his surprise, he observed a small shagreen case which lay on the floor, and during her struggles had dropped from Marian's bosom. He took it up, with emotion opened it, and the portrait of Dorcas met his eyes. The case dropped from his unnerved hand, he groaned, and fell senseless to the floor; the noise of his fall brought up a servant of the house, proper remedies were applied, and soon restored him to a keen sense of his past guilt and treachery to Dorcas; for Major Renfew was the perjured husband, whom Dorcas had concealed under the name of Melfont.

The first thought that struck him was the horrid crime he had so nearly perpetrated; the next was, what was become of his poor ruined child—His continual ravings for his Marian, his dear lost daughter, and the evident incoherence of his discourse, led the servants to believe he was seized with a sudden fit of insanity, and in that belief conveyed him home.

The horror that dwelt upon his mind, and the violent agitation, brought on a fever, and before morning he was insensible to all that passed about him. Before reason entirely forsook him, he was visited by the Earl of Landaff, who was his nephew—to him he unfolded the dreadful tale, conjuring him to try every possible method to discover the unhappy wanderer.

"Oh!" said he, in an agony, "she knelt and prayed, my child entreated me, with streaming eyes, to snatch her from infamy, and I would not hear her—Seek her, Landaff, find her, save her from perishing for want." The remembrance was too acute, and his senses, which were before wavering, took their flight—but still his fancy was haunted by the image of Dorcas and Marian, and his agonies became dreadful, even to those who attended him.

Every enquiry after the hapless Marian was fruitless, and the miserable Renfew, when a turn of his disorder restored him to reason, found that there was no hope of recovering the poor wanderer.

The picture discovered to the Earl of Landaff, that Dorcas was the mother, and Lydia the sister of the woman who had caused such anxious emotions in his uncle's bosom; but how Lydia and Marian should be the daughters of Major Renfew, appeared to him an inexplicable riddle. His uncle soon unravelled the mystery, and received some consolation from hearing that Dorcas was living, and that he might hope to embrace one innocent child, in his Lydia.

He determined to seek Dorcas in her solitude, and acknowledge her to the world as his first and only true affianced wife; but fearing to alarm her by too abrupt an appearance, he addressed her first by letter:

TO DORCAS.

"BY what title shall I address you, dear injured excellence, but by that which must make me appear what I really am—the vilest, the basest of mankind.

"Oh! Dorcas, cruel as my conduct was to you, my punishment, I trust, has been equal to my fault—Alas! the crimes of the father have been visited upon the child. Oh! my beloved, will not your gentle heart break when I shall tell you I have seen our dear Marian—I have seen her a wretched nightly wanderer—I heard her implore charity, I saw her overpowered with anguish of heart, and relieved her not, but drove her from me, drove her again upon the merciless world, exposed to all the miseries of want!—But my old tough heart will not burst, though it swells and throbs at the remembrance of that dreadful evening.

"My Dorcas, I will do you justice; I will declare to the world your injuries and my own perfidy. Prepare, my love, to meet your penitent Renfew soon after the receipt of this, and bid my sweet, my innocent Lydia prepare to receive a father's blessing.

"Adieu.—Many days shall not pass e'er I hope to hear you pronounce my pardon, and clasp you to the heart of

Your repentant husband

"RENFEW."

From the day of Marian's elopement, pleasure had been a stranger to the heart of Dorcas, nor could all the duteous tenderness of Lydia dissipate the anxiety she felt for the fate of Marian from her maternal breast. Nor did joy now sparkle in the eye of Lydia; the tear of sorrow had quenched their lustre, and, like a canker-worm, had fed upon her cheek, and stole from thence the blushing rose. Full oft she wept her hapless sister's fall, full oft she sighed, and wished to hear again of Landaff, but her tears fell only on her pillow, when the sable curtain of night hid them from the prying eye of maternal affection, and her sighs stole forth when no one was nigh to hear them.

'Twas night, a chearful fire illumined their little cottage, but sorrow still sat heavy on the heart of Dorcas—the wind blew, the cold rain beat against the casement; and "where now is my poor Marian?" said she, sighing deeply.

"I will sing your favorite hymn," said Lydia, kissing off a tear as it fell on her mother's cheek, and struggling to suppress its sympathizing sister that trembled in her own eye.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF MADAME CLARION, THE CELEBRATED FRENCH ACTRESS.

[Written by herself.]

BORN at seven months, I received from nature a weak constitution equally disadvantageous and opposite to the future developement of my physical and moral situation.

No caresses, no attentions cherished my infancy; no idea of art, of talent, or of any science whatever, could I derive from my education. To read was the only thing I knew at the age of eleven years. My catechism and my prayer book were the only books with which I was acquainted. Stories of ghosts and sorcerers, which I believed to be true histories, were all that my instructors instilled into my mind.

My mother was a violent, ignorant, and superstitious woman, who had no idea beyond that of keeping me inactive in a corner, or calling me to her in order to make me tremble under her menaces and her blows. My horror at manual labor, to which she wished to accustom me, was the cause of this treatment, and it redoubled my disgust for labor. I could not bear the idea of being brought up to a business. I am sure it is to the misfortunes and treatment I met with in my infancy that I am indebted for a mind at once compassionate and determined. I have only maintained my situation, and my physical and moral existence, by the resources which those two qualities have procured me.

At the age of twelve years, fate at length took pity on me: it obliged my mother to change her lodging. My situation was still the same: but the neighbors, touched with the appearance of langnor to which my misfortunes had reduced me, and affected by my beauty, my figure, my voice, and certain marks of judgment, added to a sweetness of temper which I displayed when I was not required to work at the needle, obtained for me the privilege that I should have a little leisure time to devote as I might think proper. This was the first moment of my life I ceased to complain; yet, whether it was the disposition of my mother, or that she wished to get rid of me, she would frequently shut me up in a room that looked toward the street. There was I obliged to remain, without the least means of amusing myself, without the possibility of opening the windows to admire the people passing by. I, however, after the first day, got upon a chair, by which I could, at least, look about the neighborhood. Mademoiselle Dangeville lodged exactly opposite: her windows were generally open; she received lessons in dancing; she was distinguished for every charm which nature and youth could unite in the same person. My whole soul was assembled in my eyes. I lost not a single motion she made. She was surrounded by her family. As soon as she had finished her lesson she was applauded, and her mother embraced her. The difference between her situation and my own penetrated me with the deepest grief. My tears would not allow me to contemplate her any longer. I descended from my chair; and when the agitation of my mind was in some degree calmed, I returned, but all had disappeared.

As far as my weak ideas would enable me, I began to reason with myself. I determined to say nothing of what I had observed, lest I should be deprived of the opportunity in future. I afterward endeavored to imitate the same steps and attitudes I had seen Mademoiselle Dangeville perform. At last I was released from the room, and asked what I had been doing. For the first time in my life I told a falsehood. I answered hastily—'I have been doing nothing, I have been asleep.' This detail may appear trifling to many, but it will inform those who have children, how necessary it is to possess their confidence.

This first falsehood emboldened me to commit others. It developed all the malice of which I was susceptible. I derived a pleasure from dissimulation; and these circumstances combined, induced me to contract a degree of disdain for my mother, the horror of which my inexperience concealed from me, and which, in a vicious mind, might have been productive of the greatest misfortunes.

I no longer experienced the least repose, except when I was locked up to do pennance. Happily the bad humor, or the necessary avocations of my mother, often condemned me to my solitary retreat; I instantly ran to the window; the fine weather favored me: I could see to the very farther end of her room; I observed and studied her; I remarked her actions as much as it was in my power; and when she retired, I imitated all I had seen her do. My memory and application so well seconded my efforts, that those who came to the house thought I had been provided with masters. My manner of entering a room, of saluting the company, and of seating myself, was no longer the same. My ideas became enlightened; and the improvement I had acquired, added to the grace of my deportment, obtained me even the favor of my mother.

In the mean time my secret oppressed me. I had an extreme desire to know who Mademoiselle Dangeville was. I ventured to confide in a man who visited us, and who had always treated me less as a child than others had done. He informed me as to the nature of the French stage, and that Mademoiselle Dangeville belonged to it. He further promised to take me to the theatre, and obtained my mother's permission to that effect, but not without difficulty. My mother discovered in theatrical representations only the road to eternal damnation; however, I was suffered to see the performance of *Le Comte d' Essex* and *Les Folies Amoureuses*. It is not now in my power to describe what my feelings were at that time; I only know that, during the representation, and the rest of the evening, I could neither eat, drink, or articulate a single word. All my ideas concentrated within myself. I neither saw nor heard any one. 'Go to bed, stupid creature!' were the only words that struck me. I immediately left the room; but, instead of attempting to sleep, I employed myself in remembering and repeating all that I had seen; and every one was astonished the next day to hear me recite more than a hundred verses of the tragedy, and two-thirds of the after-piece. This prodigious memory was less surprising than the correctness with which I imitated the style of every actor. I lisped like Grandval; I stammered and copied the air of Crispin; I imitated Poisson; I described the archness of manner which distinguished Mademoiselle Dangeville, and the affected stiff style of Balicourt. In short, I was looked upon as a prodigy. But my mother, frowning at me, said, she had rather I knew how to make a gown or a petticoat, than to act such fooleries.

(To be continued.)

THE NECESSITY OF ESTEEM IN THE MARRIAGE STATE.

[*Addressed to the Ladies.*]

ONE would almost be tempted to conclude, without a more minute examinaton, that Nature had implanted in the female breast a train of grosser passions, if not inimical to love, at least but ill according with the rapturous notions the heart naturally forms of its ecstatic transports. Vanity, ambition, a desire of admiration, a love of novelty, and the foolish hope of captivating the heart of almost every agreeable man you meet with, raises those insuperable barriers which effectually blockade every avenue to the affections. Constancy in love is very prudently considered as incompatible with that cautious circumspection which worldly considerations so imperiously impose.

When the natural sensibilities of our nature begin to unfold themselves, the expanded heart glows with the tenderest emotions, and early becomes conscious of the want of some lovely object to whom it may impart every pleasureable sensation it experiences. The God of Nature has implanted in the human breast a latent combination of chords in union with the sympathies of life:

> ..... In solitude
> What happiness? who can enjoy alone,
> Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?
>
> MILTON.

Ah! then, ye Fair, it behoves you to be greatly cautious on whom you place your affections. Sport not with the noblest feelings you possess; but perpetually bear in mind, that the painful remembrance of a first premature attachment, which maturity could not sanction, may create in your susceptive bosoms an exquisite sense of the loss of something you cannot express; an impression which nor time nor absence can erase, but which must for ever embitter your future happiness.

Is it not painful, therefore, to every ingenuous mind, to behold the very different conduct which most of our females pursue when placed in this delicate situation? Actuated more by a display of external appearances than the consciousness of their own worth, soon as they feel Love's softening influence, every power of fascination is called into action; the whole artillery of Beauty's auxiliaries are levelled at every pretty swain they meet with; while each obtrusive charm is exhibited to trepan the heart of some unwary youth, to whose passions alone they are indebted for the addition of one more to the number of their pitiful conquests.

Look round with the discerning eye of contemplative penetration, and ask your own heart whether you are acting with that consistency, that propriety of conduct which your sanguine expectations of domestic happiness prompt you to adopt. Figure to yourselves that character, "whose noblest station is retreat," dispensing to the gaping multitude those charms which should be reserved for the transiently happy man, destined, by a something like chance to become her husband.

Let us pursue the couple in idea to the shades of domestic retirement: do but observe how that union, the felicities of which have been compared to the notions generally entertained of Paradise, is shamefully perverted into a state of perpetual discord. Where are now its raptures and ecstacies—its blandishments and endearments? Alas! they fled with possession; esteem alone is the basis of true love! Farewel, then, all hopes of earthly happiness; the company of each by degrees becomes a restraint on the other, while each continually execrates that preference—partiality it cannot be called—which a false pride prompted them to evince in the choice!

Thus do mankind play with the noblest passions they possess, till the finer feelings of the heart lose all their sensibility. Slaves to the natural impetuosity of youth, they eagerly pursue that pleasure which consists in vanity; tracing, through a devious maze of disappointments, a mere phantom which they have conformable to their own notions, falsely denominated pleasure. Thus, constantly whirling around the vortex of fashionable dissipation till every sense of enjoyment is fled, they are at last content to sit quietly down in obscurity, and lament in silence, over that vacancy which is left in the mind,—the inconstancy of man, and the errors of youth.

TOM TOUCHY.

CRUEL JEALOUSY OF AN ARAB OF THE DESERT.

AN Arab of the Desert became violently enamoured of a young woman, who was not of his tribe. The law absolutely forbade such an alliance, but his constancy and the ardor of his passion surmounted this obstacle. As he was richer than her he was in love with, the parents of the woman obtained leave to supercede the general law, and the lover became happy, if happiness can exist in a breast tormented with jealousy.

The husband soon discovered that he had a potent rival; discontented love, so much resembling hatred, persuaded him to banish both himself and his wife to the inmost recesses of the desert. He set out with her, and after a journey of several days, he chose for his residence a place the more agreeable to his eyes, as it was perfectly solitary, and far remote from any habitation.

Scarce had he pitched his tent, under which was reposing that wife who caused him so much pleasure and so much pain, when he perceived at a distance three men on horseback, and among them his rival: inflamed with anger he attacked the foremost, in spite of the inequality of numbers, and was soon wounded in several places. In selling his life dearly, he had wounded his rival also; and while his friends were assisting him, the furious Arab crept into his tent: his wife flying to his relief: "Die with me," said he, fixing his eyes full of love and fury on her, "rather than become the prey of an infamous robber." At these words, he plunged his dagger into her breast: their blood mingling together flowed profusely around, and they expired at the same time, in sight of the ravisher, who reaped no fruit, but his wounds, from his criminal enterprize.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

Related by Mr. Boswell to a friend.

WHEN we were on the water near Ramsay, one of the boatmen, to whom the good doctor had condescended to ask some questions relating to the fisheries, told him, (with what I thought too much assurance) that no one was

permitted to ask any thing about herrings, until they could answer one question. "Propose it," replied the sage. "I will, sir, begging your honor not to take my freedom amiss—*A herring and a half for three half-pence, how many are there for eleven pence?*"

After some seconds of dead silence, and some mutual glances of confusion, (I not daring to speak) the doctor, addressing himself to me, said—"It is not one of the least curious properties of the human mind.....(and here he stopped) I say, sir, that it is a wonderful consideration".....".....My good sir," I returned, "nothing is more common than such puzzling questions; their not being answered is no disgrace, for perhaps it is impossible."——"It is highly probable," continued the doctor, "that the answer may depend upon a series and combination of numbers, only known to those who have sought them:—we have not as yet sought them, of course, have not found them." Then turning to the boatman, he assured him that it was not the homely terms of the proposition which lessened the consequence of it, and he might be satisfied that it should receive due attention.

However, this attention it never did receive until now. Upon my being introduced to the doctor this morning, I found him sitting with a pile of half-pence, twelve whole herrings (not of the newest) and a half one, before him. "You come in good time," said he, "to perform our Scottish promise——I am now so clear in that arithmetical question asked us by the boatman, that I can even demonstrate the solution of it.—Attend, sir:—*a herring and a half for three half-pence*—upon the whole herring place a penny, upon the half one, a half-penny, thus."—"I comprehend perfectly, my dear sir," interrupted I. "And now, upon each of the remaining eleven put one penny. Count it correctly, and the sum will be eleven pence. Q. E. D."

ANECDOTE.

Madam, said a gentleman to a lady of fashion, in Brighton, on seeing the portrait of a youth who died for love of her, suspended from her neck, "I am concerned to see my dear friend *hang in chains* at the place of his *execution*.

WARNING TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

In the town of Manchester in England, not long since, a number of young people combined, without intending any evil, to frighten one of their companions, a girl about 18 years of age. For this purpose, they procured a skeleton of a man, from a neighboring doctor, and laid it in the bed in which the young woman usually slept; they then placed themselves in an adjoining room, to wait the event. At the common hour, Nancy (this was her name) retired to her chamber—in a few minutes her waiting friends were alarmed by a noise which issued from her room; they rushed in, already laughing at the fears their plan had excited, when, horrid to relate, they behold the lovely female in the most agonizing convulsions, pressing the grim skeleton to her naked bosom, and lavishing upon it a thousand kisses!

As soon as the astonishment of the spectators would permit, she was removed from the chamber, and every art exerted to soothe her to reason, but without effect. She soon expired, an unfortunate victim to the folly of her inconsiderate friends.

HOW TO ROAST AN ACTOR.

If he is tall, you may discover that his person is ungraceful, and that he wants the dapper-size of Garrick. If short, he is much under the proper size, and can never play the character of a hero, which is always fixed at five feet ten inches. If his features are small, you can find out that they want expression; if large, his face is vulgar, and his nose too much beyond the dramatic size. If his face be unexceptionable, you may with some pains discover *a something* in his eye. If his eyes are piercing and intelligent, perhaps his features are stiff and unmanageable. His shoulders may be broad; and, if not, it is a thousand to one but he stoops; and if he stoops, and does not turn out his toes, it is impossible he can understand his author. If he is a scholar and a critic, and repeats a line as you never heard it repeated before, he must be a word-catcher. If his manner is graceful, he has studied dancing too much; but if his manner is not graceful, be sure to tell him, he must go to the dancing-school. If you can discover no fault, you must prove how much better Garrick, Powell, Holland, or Barry, performed the character; and as nine-tenths of your readers cannot remember those performers, you may easily persuade them that the object of your censure is a blockhead. If he has the art of rapid elocution, tell him he speaks too fast; and if he speaks slowly, and with discrimination, say that he only waits to catch applause. If his action is graceful, tell him he makes too much use of his arms and hands; and if his action is moderate, persuade the public that his arms are tied behind him. By these hints you will have *done him* completely on one side, and, if you change your opinion, and praise him, he will be done on the other.

Curious Advertisement for a Husband, by a Lady of considerable Fortune.

He must be young, as amorous as Love, as brave as Julius Cæsar, or Alexander; as just as Aristides, as handsome as Adonis, as musical as Orpheus or Apollo; as wise as Ulysses, as eloquent as Cicero or Demosthenes; as great a philosopher as Socrates, as subtle a logician as Aristotle or Zeno, as rigid as a Stoic, yet occasionally as much addicted to pleasure as Epicurus; he must possess the learning of Homer, with the sweetness of Virgil, and the wit and pleasantry of Horace; he must be as great a natural philosopher as Bacon or Newton. He must indulge all the lady's caprices, understand all the following languages, the dead as well as the living:—Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Irish, High Dutch, German, Russian, Prussian, Danish, Swedish, Turkish, Gentoo, Hindoo, Chinese, &c. &c. Whoever thinks he is possessed of the above requisites, may apply to the printer of the M—— P——, where he will be informed of further particulars respecting *this lady* and *her fortune*.

G. O.

——.

To cheat the world, two base contractors come,
One deals in corn, the other deals in rum;
Which is the greatest rogue, I pray, explain,
The rogue in *spirit*, or the rogue in *grain*.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a letter from an American gentleman at Cape Francois, to his friend in Philadelphia, dated 3d November.

"On the 14th ult. the Negroes made a furious attack upon this place, and carried all the out-posts and drove the French army to the gates of the town. At this moment when we expected our houses would be instantly in flames, a young merchant of the name of Alexander Bodwee, who formerly lived in Philadelphia, threw himself among the Negroes, at the head of 80 dragoons, and after four different charges entirely dispersed them. The whole army applauded this spirited conduct, and the general in chief immediately presented him a sword of honor. In fact, it was the saving of the Cape. For 12 days the Negroes did not appear again, but on the 26th they renewed the attack, and continued it some time. They were now once more repulsed, and have at last retired to some distance. There is every reason to hope that the town will hold out until the arrival of the troops, which are expected from France. No business of any kind can be done in the present distressing situation of the Cape. General Rochambeau, who is to succeed General Le Clerc in the command, is soon expected, when I hope confidence and business will revive."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW-ORLEANS, &c.

Frankfort, (Ken.) Dec. 1.

Monday morning last we were politely favored, by his excellency the governor, with the following extract of a letter, and proclamation, declaring the port of Orleans shut against Americans, which we immediately issued in an extra. The same day the governor laid the communication and document which follow, before the legislature—they were immediately read, and committed to a committee of the whole, and will be taken up to-day. We shall not at this time make any comments—but will recommend to our fellow citizens to be temperate, and wait with confidence for the interposition of the general government—At the same time we think it highly essential that every citizen should prepare himself to assume the character of a soldier, and be in readiness to meet the worst that can happen.

Frankfort, November 29, 1802.

SIR,

I do myself the honor to enclose to you copies of two letters, and a copy of a proclamation issued by the intendant of the Spanish government of Louisiana. They contain information highly interesting to the citizens of the western country, and I pray you to lay them before the house of representatives.

With perfect respect,

I am, sir,

Your ob'dt servant,

JAMES GARRARD.

The hon. the speaker, of the house of representatives.

New-Orleans, October 15, 1802.

James Speed to Governor Garrard,

By express, I enclose you the proclamation of our intendant general, which did not issue till this evening. I am sorry that I could not obtain a more perfect translation. This was taken in haste, by our vice-consul Mr. Fulings. It can require no comment from me. If it does not amount to a declaration of war, with the worst consequences to individuals, none of us here understand it. The people of the Mississippi territory will immediately feel its effects, and when to their indignation is joined that of our countrymen in the spring, God knows how it may be possible to prevent hostilities. We all hope, however, that you will immediately concert with Mr. Jefferson to prevent unnecessary bloodshed and at the same time preserve the dignity of our country, which will be warmly supported by a majority of our countrymen here, and particularly by

Your humble servant.

Farewell.

My greater fear is, that we shall only kick up a dust for the French. I enclose also my letters to Messrs. John and James Brown, wherein I have been somewhat more particular. You will please to forward them.

19th

Application has been made this morning for permission to land American property—twas denied—the gentleman was informed that he must either return it to Natchez, or put it on board an American vessel—You know what sort of vessels our flats are.

I am this moment assured that it will be proclaimed in a few days, that no American shall be permitted more than forty days residence; and that thereafter no American vessel shall be suffered to enter the Belithe.

I send you another—perhaps a more correct translation. The heads of departments have been all this day employed in consultation.

New-Orleans, 18th October, 1802.

HIS EXCELLENCY JAMES GARRARD, esq.

Sir,

Although strangers to you, we deem it unnecessary to make any other apology for addressing you, than the importance of the subject of our letter, interesting to every American, and which we shall give you without any further preface.

The intendant has this day issued a decree, declaring the port of New-Orleans to be shut, and what had been very unexpected, and we conceive contrary to every principle of right, that the right of deposit by the Americans *shall no longer exist*, without granting any other eligible place as an equivalent, stipulated by the 22d article of the treaty between the United States and his catholic majesty—The governor of this province, at first, shewed every disposition to counteract this measure, but as the publication has been made six hours, without his taking notice of it we are apprehensive that he has relinquished the intention of opposing it, and in this state of doubt we remain

Your Excellency's

Most Ob'dt Humble Servts.

MEEKER, WILLIAMSON & PATTON.

Kentucky Legislature.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Wednesday, December 1, 1802.

The committee of the whole this day took into consideration the governor's communications, as to the shutting the port of New-Orleans against the Americans, and came to two resolutions thereupon, and an address to the general government on that subject, which were unanimously agreed to as follows—

Resolved unanimously, that the procla-

mation of the Intendant of the port of New-Orleans, of the 18th of Oct. last, is a direct infraction of the treaty of friendship, limits and navigation, concluded in October 1795, between the United States and the King of Spain, in this particular—that by the said proclamation, American citizens are forbidden to deposit their merchandize and effects in the port of New-Orleans, without an equivalent establishment having been assigned to the United States, on another part of the Banks of the Mississippi, conformably to the provisions of the twenty-second article of the said treaty.

Resolved, that the Governor be requested to forward the following memorial to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to be by them presented to the President of the United States, the Senate and House of Representatives of Congress.

To the President of the United States, and the Senate and House of Representatives of Congress.

THE MEMORIAL

Of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of KENTUCKY.

Having on a former occasion, when we represented the obstructions to the Navigation of the river Mississippi experienced the attention and justice of the general government, in providing a treaty with the court of Spain, not only for the free navigation of that river, but for what, in our remote situation from the ocean, was absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of it, a place of deposit for our produce. We deem it necessary, barely to state to you, that by an infraction of that treaty, we are deprived of those advantages, in violation of the treaty between the United States and the King of Spain, concluded at San Lo Renzo el Real, in October 1795—The intendant of the port of New-Orleans, has, by a proclamation of the 18th of October last, forbidden American citizens to deposit their merchandizes and effects in the said port, without having assigned the United States an equivalent establishment on another part of the banks of the Mississippi.

We rely with confidence on your wisdom and justice, and pledge ourselves to support, at the expense of our lives and fortunes, such measures as the honor and interest of the United States may require.

The Visitor.

MONDAY, December 27, 1803.

Saturday last being Christmas-day, a due respect to it obliged us to defer publishing the Visitor till Monday.

For the accommodation of literary correspondents, a box for the reception of letters is placed at the gate-way to the office of the VISITOR, No. 90, William-Street, where communications will be thankfully received.

LIST OF DEATHS IN THIS CITY.

The city clerk reports the death of 40 persons during the week ending on the 18th inst. viz. of Consumption 8—Decline 3—Fits 6—Putrid Fever 2—Accident 2—Weakness 1—Sudden 1—Old Age 1—Hives 1—Whooping-Cough 1—Stoppage on Lungs 1—Ascites 1—Child-bed 1—Relax 1—Palsey 1—Syphilis 1—Small Pox 1—New-Born 1—and of diseases not mentioned 6—Of the whole number, 19 were adults, and 21 children.

At a meeting of a large number of the Clergy of the city of New-York, it was unanimously agreed, that the distinguished goodness of God towards this city, throughout the last season, especially in preserving it from the ravages of that malignant disease, by which it has been visited in former seasons, and by which some neighboring cities have been within a few months afflicted, demands public and solemn acknowledgment from their fellow citizens.

It was also agreed, with equal unanimity, that it be recommended to the congregations under their care to set apart *Wednesday the 28th inst.* as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, with a special reference to the merciful dispensation of Providence above mentioned.

They trust that the propriety and duty of the proposed service will be evident to every serious mind; and that the day selected for the purpose, will meet with general approbation and convenience.

(Signed by order,)

JOHN RODGERS, Chairman.

Marriages.

On Saturday, the 13th inst. Mr. Peter Kuhn, jun. of Gibralter, to Miss Ann Storm, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Joseph Thomson, to Mrs. Mary Rich, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Chalmers to Miss Jane Shaw, both of this city.

At Norfolk, E. Gray, esq. Member of Congress, to widow Kearnes, of Portsmouth.

At Boston, Dr. Wm. Ingalls to Miss Lucy Myrick Rust.

In England, Mr. I. P. Hart, aged 19, to Mrs. Sarah Harris, aged 42, who had buried three husbands, the second of whom was her uncle. His wife was his sponsor at the baptismal font, and suckled him: so that it may be said he has married his nurse, his aunt, and his (foster) mother.

Death.

On Saturday evening, Mrs. Turell, wife of Capt. Turell, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, Dec. 27, will be presented,

A TRAGEDY, (by desire) called,

THE REVENGE.

After the Play, a Pantomime, called,

THE CLOWN'S TRIUMPH.

To which will be added,

The Tripolitan Prize.

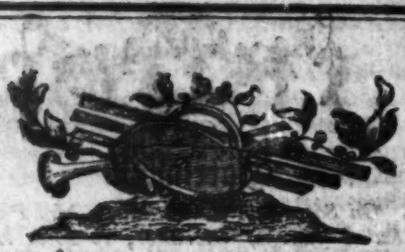
Between the two Acts,

THE ANTIPODEAN WHIRLIGIG.

To Correspondents.

Hilardo we approve of, and will attend to him next week.

The essay "*Of* Beauty," by *D. M. R.* does not possess beauty enough to be sent into the world.



FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

THE SEDUCER.

LATE in a grove on Longa's peaceful shore,
Which oft in silence I am wont to explore,
I rov'd alone; while silvering Luna bright,
Shall thro' the trees her chearing beams of light.
As onward pensive I pursu'd my way,
I heard a voice in plaintive accents say,
"Why Henry didst thou from the city come?
"Why near the cottage of Florella roam?
"Could not the belles who glitter at the play,—
"Could not the charmers, deck'd in fine array,
"(Skill'd in nice rules, and studious to please)
"Who walk and dance with elegance and ease—
"Could none your faithless heart obtain, and prove,
"The pains and sorrows of *inconstant love?*
"Till Henry came, Florella's virgin breast,
"Ne'er felt a pang but for some lamb distrest;
"Or for a robin, chirping on the spray,
"When some rude school-boy took his life away.
"But peace no more shall rest Florella know,
"Her days are grief, her nights are nought but woe."

"When Henry met me in the lonely grove,
"He took my hand, and told me tales of love.
"Pleas'd with his manners, language, dress and air
"With these too soon did he my heart ensnare.—
"A storm arose, we for a shelter fled,
"To poor Florella's lonely, humble shed.
"My aged father's unsuspicious heart,
"Ne'er thought that Henry took a guileful part;
"Pleas'd as myself, did the false youth invite
"Within our walls to pass the stormy night.
"This Henry did.—Next morning's dawn was fair,
"The sky serene, and blooms perfum'd the air,
"When Henry bid *adieu!*——my sire did say,
"Pray call again, if e'er you come this way."—
"*He often call'd,*—nor did he cease to come,
"Till he had seal'd Florella's fatal doom.
"Till he had robb'd her of her only wealth,
"Her *Innocence*—the only pride of youth—
"Yes, tender babe, your mother is undone,
"No peace remains for either her or son;
"She cannot live her wretched exile to see,
"And when she dies, no life remains for thee.

Frantic she hurl'd her infant from the cliff,
And follow'd headlong to the briny deep.

Edwin.

CONSCIOUS RECTITUDE.

THAT wealth is mine you'll soon perceive,
In my appearance daily shine—
For such my conduct e'er has been,
No one will dare my actions scan.
So should I taste forbidden food,
My reputation still is good.

THE MISTAKE.

A CROP, *Democritique*, all closely shorn,
Went to a barber's shop one Sunday morn;
Mid ranks of *Wigs* he took his seat, to learn
Some barber's news, and wait his shaving turn.
Up came old Gauger with his flowing wig,
White as a cauliflower, but twice as big—
And peeping round, for he was almost blind,
A vacant block-stand for his wig to find,
He chanc'd, sad hap, his periwig to pop
Upon the nut-brown head of knowing Crop.

Up bounc'd the blade, and swore, and foam'd about,
"Od, demme—demme, Sir, I'll call ye out."—
Quick as light-horseman vaults into the saddle,
Did Gauger's spectacles his nose bestraddle,
For much he mis'd to see his old wig walk,
Swear so, and so pugnatifully talk;—
But soon as ever the mistake he spied,
The good old man, quite out of breath, replied,
"Your pardon, Sir, I did not mean to shock,
"Indeed, indeed, I took you for a block.

THRUM.

ORIGIN OF SHORT WAISTCOATS.

SAYS Tom to Dick, this question solve,
And tell me if you know,
What his ta'en place to change the dress
Of ev'ry gallant beau?

Quoth Dick, the reason is no plain
To need much time or thought;—
Having but little cash to spare,
Their *pantaloons* they bought.

Well, then, a cut was wanting still,
But scarce a cent to buy it;
They thought a shorter one would do,
And were resolv'd to try it.

LINES

Inscribed on the Vault, at Mount-Vernon

COLUMBIA groans beneath the dreadful wound,
And Europe echoes to the mournful sounds;
The Sons of Freedom shudder at the stroke,
And universal virtue feels the shock.

The court of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that beauty—all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

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